

It was the sky I didn't loot that bugs me. You  
see i didn't know about the night yet because i hadn't  
finished with the day and all that rot about the twilight  
whichlightmoonlove is so much rotten. The jerk between the  
scrub corners of the room day and the night  
is and does not always occur and sometimes days go on to  
days in incomprehensible complex patterns full of  
serious intent. So there i was sprawled glamorous  
on the sidewalk scuttled by a minute raise in a structure  
i thought i  
knew

When Susan's number is dialed  
an operator comes  
on the line and says  
This service is temporarily disconnected

Two years ago Susan ripped  
untimely from her body  
a boy child, born to be  
a mixed Othello,  
beautiful in its  
miscegenation.

And ever since  
that night of  
blood and  
natures thrustings  
of membrane, tissue  
and one fetus, hand sized  
with head and eyes  
fingers and penis  
Susan's number doesn't ring

Death is inconceivable until it slaps you in the face.  
When A. J. Barr drove his motorcycle  
beyond the speed of his hands  
into distinction, it sounded like a gas.  
-- to sail to -- air marring hair  
in a cassock dance, fingernails  
vibrating to a goosepimple tune  
grit etching lines in smooth fleshed bones

Then SENSATION

Exquisite rending of part from part  
MEETING  
Heat/Rock Hand/Gravel Skin/Branches Face/Dirt

AA!!!!